

we walk through the fire by reddieforlove

Series: [Mileven Drabbles/Oneshots \[1\]](#)

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Summary:

Eleven and Mike have had a mutually beneficial arrangement going on for a while. It's enough for them both until the holidays come around and it becomes a little bit harder to lie to themselves.

we walk through the fire

Author's Note:

I have never written for Mileven before so I'm pretty nervous about this. I hope that it's not too terrible.

This is definitely an AU and obviously the characters are aged up.

Title: Walk Through the Fire - Zayde Wolf feat. Ruelle

The taste of wine lingered on the tongue of Jane Ives, or Eleven as she preferred to be called, as she stared out at the cityscape beyond the hotel window. Snow covered the streets and topped the buildings, blanketing almost everything and showing no signs of stopping. As much as she liked it, Eleven was glad to be inside instead of out in the cold. The feeling increased tenfold when two arms slid around her waist and enveloped her in a warm embrace. She leaned back into him without hesitation. From the hotel room window, they could see the brightly-lit Christmas tree standing proudly in Rockefeller square and the flashing billboards of Times Square. If she looked closely, she could see the hospital where she worked in the pediatric unit. Eleven didn't look closely. She wasn't here to admire the view. Well, at least not the view of the city. Turning in his arms, she looked up into his eyes.

The dim light of the room sharpened the angles of his face even more than usual. She reached up, brushing her thumb over his high cheekbone. Mike leaned his face into the touch, his eyelids fluttering and his arm wrapping around her waist. They knew not to waste any time. Mike began walking backwards, leading them both to the large bed in the center of the room. Eleven shed her blazer and kicked off her heels, reaching up to pull her dark hair out of the clip that held it off her neck. Her hair didn't even unfurl from the twist before Mike had his hands buried in it. She smiled at that. He loved sliding his fingers through her soft curls almost more than he loved kissing her. Almost. She hummed as his lips touched to hers, tugging his shirt out of his pants and unbuttoning it with the ease of experience.

As soon as the dark grey shirt fluttered to the ground, she pushed him back on the bed and reached back to unzip her dress. Mike landed on his elbows and gazed up at her, his pupils blown wide with desire as she slid it down and let it drop where she stood. Running a hand through her hair, she smiled down at him. Mike sat up as she climbed on the bed, splaying his hands over her back and pressing his mouth to her abdomen. Eleven tilted her head back with a sigh as he trailed kisses around her navel and nibbled lightly at the skin above the waistband of her lace underwear. She shivered at the feeling, sliding her hands into his hair. Tugging at the dark locks, she tilted his head backwards and stared down at him. She made sure that he was staring into her eyes as she reached up and unhooked her bra, letting it fall down her arms and tossing it away. A groan escaped his mouth as she brushed her hands over her breasts, plucking at her nipples with her fingers.

“El,” Mike sighed, breaking the spell of silence that had existed between them since they stepped foot into the hotel room.

She lowered herself down to straddle his lap, feeling his erection press against her core. Pushing him back to lie down again, Eleven raked her nails lightly from collarbone to waist, leaving light red marks in her path. Mike hissed at the feeling, his hands curling in the covers beneath him and his head tilting backwards. Eleven bent down, pressing her chest to his and putting her lips at his ear.

“I want you,” she whispered, nipping at his earlobe and grinning at his answering moan. “Now.”

Mike flipped them over without a moment’s hesitation, settling in the cradle of her hips and capturing her lips in a kiss. It wasn’t sweet this time, with passion and desire fueling the feverish embrace. Eleven arched her back as he dipped his head down and began pressing soft, open-mouthed kisses to her skin, making her sigh and dig her fingers into his shoulders.

“Mike,” she said in a low voice, almost warning him.

She felt his smile against her collarbone but he didn’t stop, determined to tease her to madness. One of his hands slid up her waist and cupped her breast as his mouth hovered over her nipple,

blowing on it lightly. Eleven inhaled sharply at the feeling but it was nothing compared to her cry when his lips closed around her nipple and his tongue flicked over it. Mike didn't relent, tugging lightly with his teeth and swirling his tongue over the hardened peak as he rolled the other between the rough pads of his finger and thumb. He let out a vibrating chuckle as her legs clamped around his hips and her hips rocked against his, desperate for friction between her thighs.

"I'm taking my time here, babe," he told her, stilling her body with his hands on her hips.

"For now," Eleven said with a wicked grin, knowing that it wouldn't take much to convince him to move a bit faster.

They knew each other's bodies inside and out. She could easily touch him here or kiss him there and he would be putty in her hands. But Eleven let him take his time, settling back on the bed and submitting to his attentions. Her arms drifted over her head as he kissed lower and lower, leaving behind cool spots where his lips and even tongue swiped over her skin. When his fingers hooked in her panties, she couldn't hush the quiet "yes" that came out in a huff. Eleven lifted her hips helpfully and shuddered with anticipation as he pulled them down her legs and tossed them away. Dropping back down, he hooked one of her legs over his shoulder and touched his fingers to her wet folds. She was so unbelievably aroused that foreplay almost wasn't necessary. But Eleven wasn't about to deny herself this particular pleasure.

Mike dragged his thumb up the length of her, tracing her folds and avoiding her aching clit purposefully. She knew better than to show him any evidence of her frustration. If he saw her desperation, he would drag it out even more. When one finger teased at her entrance, Eleven pressed her lips together and muffled her moan as it slid in slowly. Mike quickly joined it with another, pushing them in and out at a frustratingly unhurried pace. When his thumb finally pressed to her clit, Eleven's toes curled and her sharp cry filled the room. Mike continued his torture, his fingers filling her as he rubbed her sweet spot in slow, deliberate circles. He knew what she was waiting for, knew that Eleven would grit her teeth and silence herself before begging for anything. Luckily he didn't have quite the self-control that she did.

As soon as the tip of his tongue touched her clit, her hips lifted and she dug her heel into his back. Mike hummed, amused at her reaction as he curled his fingers inside of her and began flicking his tongue over her clit relentlessly. Eleven let out a string of curses along with his name, the filthy words spurring him on. It didn't take long for her orgasm to build, her lower stomach coiling tightly and her moans becoming feverish and desperate. Her skin was already shining with a light sheen of sweat, the previously enjoyable warmth of the room contributing to her heated state. Mike knew she was close, quickening his movements until she was shouting his name at the ceiling and bucking beneath his mouth and fingers. He didn't stop until she was pushing him away, too sensitive for anymore stimulation. Her chest heaved and she splayed across the bed as he sat back on his heels and wiped his mouth.

"You good?" Mike said, a self-satisfied grin on his lips.

Eleven laughed, reaching up to pull him down for a kiss. The taste of herself on his tongue only renewed her desire and she quickly found herself fumbling with his belt and shoving his pants down. Mike helped her, kicking them off and shedding his boxers as well. As soon as he was naked, she flipped them over and straddled him again, wasting no time. He let out a strained gasp when her hand wrapped around him, stroking slowly.

"There's not much time," she said quietly.

Mike hushed her, his hands running over her thighs and ass. He tugged her forward, rocking her hips against his and groaning at the friction. Eleven couldn't wait a moment longer, reaching over for the condom that he had sitting on the bedside table. She rolled it on carefully before straddling him again, sinking down on him slowly. They both took a moment once he filled her completely, their breathing in sync and their eyes locked on the other. When Mike reached up and tangled his fingers in her hair, she let him tug her down and kissed him deeply, her body aching for movement. He let out a noise of complaint when she pulled away but his disappointment quickly turned to pleasure when she began rocking and grinding against him, her hands braced on his chest and her teeth biting into her lower lip. His hands went to her hips and guided her movements as he met them with thrusts of his own.

Eleven could see from his eyes that he wasn't going to last long. They'd both waited too long for this with their combined busy schedules. The first touch of her fingers to her clit proved that she was still too sensitive. One was enough for her tonight. Mike didn't give her a chance to recover her rhythm, flipping them over and hitching her legs around his waist. She stroked his back and whispered encouragements into his ear as he chased his orgasm. Mike let out a choked moan and buried his face in the crook of her neck, his breaths coming out in harsh gasps and his pace slowing until he finally stopped. Neither of them moved for several moments, catching their breath and letting their bodies cool down. When they finally did move, Eleven situated herself on a pillow and Mike discarded the condom before dropping on the bed beside her. She laid there staring at the freckles that dotted his shoulder as he played with her hair and traced circles on her skin, leaving goosebumps in the wake of his touch.

"Eleven," Mike said, breaking the silence between them.

She looked into his eyes and saw them filled with emotion. The feelings that were there didn't fit into her neat box of what this was supposed to be. Clean and simple. Just two friends sleeping together. As tempting as it was to see where it led them, she took the coward's way out like she always did, sitting up with a sigh of his name.

"Don't," Eleven said, shrugging off his hand and standing up to gather her clothing.

"We have to talk about this," Mike said, watching her dress as quickly as she could.

"No we really don't," she denied, twisting her hair up into the clip once more. "I have a dinner."

They both knew that she didn't.

"Things have changed," he told her.

The earnest look in his dark eyes almost pulled her back to his arms. But she remembered why they started this in the first place. No strings attached. No feelings. Just sex. That's how it had to be, no

matter how much she wanted to have the cuddling and everything else that came with a real relationship.

"I haven't," she lied, pulling her coat on.

"El," Mike said, reaching out towards her.

She didn't struggle as he pulled her closer, unable to resist his thrall.

"We can't, Mike," Eleven whispered even as she curled her fingers in his hair and cradled his head to her abdomen.

She let the embrace go on for a few moments longer before bending down to kiss him softly and pulling away. His eyes were heavy on her as she walked away. Once she was out in the hallway, Eleven leaned against the door with a heavy sigh. This was how it had to be... right?

"You're coming aren't you?"

Eleven answered Max's question with silence, unsure of how to answer that without spilling each and every reason why going to a Christmas party with all of her friends was a terrible idea. Luckily they were on the phone so her best friend couldn't see the deer in the headlights look that she was currently wearing.

"Eleven?" Max said, her suspicions rising.

"I might be working that night," she mumbled, tugging at her wrinkled scrub top.

"Bullshit, Ellie. I was there when you asked off," she said, her annoyance coming across even over the phone. "What's going on?"

She would rather not have this conversation in the middle of her third night shift of the week but Eleven knew that there was no avoiding it at this point.

"I'm just not feeling the Christmas spirit," she shrugged, avoiding the real reason.

“Is this because you and Mike are screwing around?” Max asked, skipping the bullshit.

Eleven might have been surprised if it was anyone but Max, who was the most observant person she knew.

“We had a weird night a few days ago,” she admitted.

“You two could talk it out.”

She grimaced at the suggestion. Talking wasn’t always her strong suit when it came to Mike, or with anyone really. As she proved in the hotel room, it was easier to screw and run.

“I’ll try to make an appearance,” Eleven said, hoping it would change the subject.

“Wear the blue dress you got last week. He’ll love it,” Max said before hanging up.

She let out a heavy sigh, slipping her phone back into the pocket of her white coat and leaning back against the counter of the nurse’s station.

“Shit,” Eleven said, shaking her head.

The party was in full swing by the time she got there, conversation drowning out the soft music that was playing. After greeting Max and Lucas, who were hosting the party, Eleven began to make her way towards the bar. Unfortunately, the sight of Mike leaning against the wall talking to Dustin and Will stopped her short. He wore a slate grey button down, black slacks, and an easy smile that faltered when he caught sight of her. She turned around quickly, her eyes searching the crowd for anyone who would give her an out from this conversation. Unfortunately before she could, his hand closed around her wrist and he pulled her around to face him. His eyes pleaded with her before he ever said a word.

“Let’s talk,” Mike said.

Eleven couldn’t bring herself to do anything but nod. He deserved

that much from her at the very least. No one hindered them as they headed down the hall to the bathroom, Mike locking the door once they were in the room. When he turned to face her, his hands were in his pockets and there was a hesitant look on his face.

“I’m sorry about the other night,” Eleven blurted out, wanting to get it off her chest. “You deserved better than that.”

Mike simply smiled, stepping closer to her.

“Do you remember when we started all this?” he asked.

Eleven couldn’t help but let out a laugh.

“How could I forget? I still don’t think I got all that tequila out of my system,” she said, leaning back against the counter.

He nodded in agreement but she could see that he was preparing to say something.

“You were so beautiful that night,” Mike said softly, reaching out to tuck a loose curl behind her ear. “That’s when I figured out I love you.”

Eleven’s heart skipped a beat and she couldn’t quite believe what she just heard.

“Mike,” she breathed, tilting her head to the side.

“I didn’t tell you. I knew you weren’t ready,” he said, brushing his thumb over her cheek. “Honestly I don’t even know if you’re ready now. This is the most terrifying thing I’ve ever done.”

Eleven stared into his eyes, wondering how she managed to be anything close to good enough for this man to fall for her. Before she could say a word, he pulled something out of his pocket with his other hand. Her eyes flickered away from his face and she gasped when she saw the delicate silver chain with a small sapphire pendant hanging from it.

“It’s beautiful, Mike,” she said, reaching out to touch the necklace.

"I had some help picking it out," he admitted.

"Max," Eleven realized, knowing now why she was wearing the blue dress.

Mike nodded, turning her around to place it around her neck. She didn't argue, lifting her hair up so that he could clasp the necklace. Then his lips dropped to her shoulder and his arms encircled her waist.

"I love you, El," Mike murmured.

She sighed at the words, letting her head fall back to his shoulder and her eyes close.

"I don't expect for you to say it back. All I want is for you to give this... us... a chance. Let me take you to an actual restaurant. Let's try to be more than just hotel rooms and quickies in the closet."

Eleven felt fear overtaking her, battling the desire to say yes a thousand times.

"I don't want to lose you," she told him in a whisper, her voice shaking.

"I know," Mike sighed, holding her closer. "But I don't want to live the rest of my life wondering what could've been if we only stopped being so scared."

She knew that he was right. There was a decision to make. If she left that bathroom alone, it was over. That was much more horrifying than the alternative. Turning around in his arms, she looked up at him and inhaled deeply, preparing to take the leap.

"Let's start now," Eleven said, laying her hand over his cheek.

Mike stared at her for several moments, clearly trying to figure out if she was serious. Then a smile broke out over his face and he pressed closer to her, winding his hand through her carefully styled hair without caring whether he messed it up. Eleven hardly had time to protest, his lips covering hers in a passionate kiss. Her arms wound around his shoulders and, as she lost herself in the embrace, she

knew that this was exactly where she belonged.

“Merry Christmas,” she said, breaking the kiss to look up into his eyes.

He grinned down at her, earning an equally bright smile in return.

“Merry Christmas.”

Author's Note:

I would love to hear what you think!

I kinda took the easy way out when it came to Eleven's job. I obviously haven't experimented with these characters much at all so I'm not sure that I'm 100% sure on what career she'd choose so I picked out pediatric doctor for her since I figured she may want to do something to help kids.

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